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INFORMATION CONCERNING. THE INDIAN TERRITORY HOMES, BUSINESS, INVESTMENT. MAP, LAWS AND TREATIES.

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\$8.00 one of the best made 800 Lb. Platform Scales ever Sold. Well made. Size Platform. Catalogue fees.
JONES (HE PATS THE FIREGIST).
BINGHAMTON, N. T.

It's easy enough to run into debt, but it's hard to crawl out.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits of new communication for the day's use of Dr. Kilber's fireal Nerve Residence, Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treation Da. R. R. Kitse, Ltd., #1 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa-

Few people know more than they think they do.

DEPIANCE STARCE

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 or more for 19 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

Whisky is never too old to drink. Neither are some men.

Stops the Cough and Laxative Brotho Quinina Tablets. Price 25c.

The actor and the base ball player both like to score hits.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paver will be pleased to learn that there is at least one direaded disease that selence has been able to over in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical trateonity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, selling directly upon the blood and muccus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the ration, attempth of building up the constitution and assisting unture in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they ofter One Hundred Dollars for any case that they ofter One Hundred Dollars for Testimonials.

estimontals.
Address F J. CHENEY & CO., Tolodo, Q.
Sold by draggists 75:
Hall's Family Pills are the best

Isn't it too bad that dissipation doesn't prolong li'e.

Nauspapers of Sweden.

There are 761 newspapers and periodicals in Sweden, including fifty-two dailies. Stockholm has twelve dailies, seven published in the morning and five in the evening, which is a large number for a city of 320,000 inhabit-

The First Ironelad.

According to records recently discovered the first terrotad was built in the fixteenth century, but as it mayed unmanageable was soon abandoned. In the present emission, respectively that medicine and that one in the hope of fludning relief from allments of the atomach, liver and howels. There is only one medicine that will cure indigention, dyspepsia, fluidoner, billionisms and malaria, lever and agree and that is Hostetter's Stomach listers. Try 1 and cms will be convinced.

Are people who live in flats susceptible to flattery.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blus. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Cornstalk Juice as Liquor. Farmers about Cortland, N. 7., a prohibition district, were puzzled to and that their hands got drunk without any visible liquor supply. They finally discovered that the employer had tapped the silo for the Juice of the green cornstalks, which, fermented makes a liquor that is pleasant but most terrible.

Liability For Guy-Rope Nutrance. A land owner is liable for a nuisance created by another person, according to a Massachusetts decision, in the case of a derrick with a guy rope stretched across a highway so low as to be dangerous to travelers, where the land owner permitted it to remain after he had knowledge of it. though it was erected by a licensea,

Metric System Compulsory.

Consul Haynes reports from Rouen that the metric system is now compulsory in twenty countries, representing more than 300,009,000 inhabitants. These are Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Servia, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chile, Mex-ico, Peru and Venezuela. (Copyright met by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The sun shone fiercely down in the

AN HONEST NAME.

An Illinois Statesman Tells a Good Story Knew His Father's Son Would Not Lie.

The Honorable Alva Merrill of Chilicothe, member for the Twenty-fourth tory:

Some two years ago Mr. Merrill rave a testimonial stating that Dodd's piped a small voice. Kidney Pills cured his rheumatism. This with Mr. Merrill's portrait were published in thousands of papers all

over the United States. On the train returning home from Springfield one day last winter were the Honorable Mr. Merrill and several other members. After a time one of them said:

'Merrill, what time do you get to Chillicothe ?"

This attracted the attention of an old man who had been apparently waiting some identification of Mr. Merrill and as soon as he heard the name he rushed up to his seat and extending his hand said:

"You are Alva Merrill and you aved my life. I was most dead with umbago and in an advertisement I aw your picture and your recommenlation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I knew our father, and I knew his son would and therefore I decided to try he Pills.

'I am satisfied that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else have saved my ife and I have been waiting this opportunity to thank you personally, for had I not seen your recommendation might never have been led to use his remedy, but, thanks to God. brough your honest name and the onest medicine which you so heartly recommended I am still alive.

"I have been watching you since you got on the train at Springfield and thought I recognized your face as the one I had seen in the advertisement, and as soon as this gentleman called on by name, I knew you were the an I had to thank."

When a man comes out of a joint he is not guilty unless he is wiping his

Shun Delays

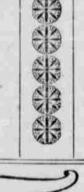


Shun dalays, they breed remorse; take thy time, while time is lent thee; tree-ping south have weakest force-fly their faults, lest thun repent thee. Good is best when somest wrought, Lingring inbors come to nuight.

Hotat thy sail while gate forth last Tide-and wind stay no men's pleasure. Sock not time; when time is plant; Soler speed is wisdom's plant, Atter-wire are dearly braint. Let the fee-wit guide thy thought,

Time wears all his locks before, Take then hold upon his forenead; When he dies he turns no more. And tenind his scalp is naked. Works adjourned have many stays, Long demors bring new delays.

Seek fly salve while young the wound, Older sores ask deeper laneing. After curse are seldom found. Often sought, scarce ever chancing. In the rising, eithe III, Lest it grow against thy will,





His Little Wretch.

BY IRENE D. CRAIGEN.

factory yard and upon Mr. William Cole, foreman, seated upon a pile of lumber and muttering imprecations as he dug his heel savagely in the hot sand.

"If I ever get back to civilization, confound it, I'll stay there!" he was declaring under his breath. "It's just District, State of Illinois House of as the poet fellow says, Better fifty depresentatives tells an interesting years of What's-his-name than a cycle of Carthage."

"Who's you talkin' to, Mister?"

Mr. Billy started and looked up, to find himself confronted by an atom. It was a feminine atom, dressed in a torn pink freek, with a shock of mud-colpred hair and the bluest eyes that ever looked out of a dirty face. The atom tragged after it a wagon made of pasteboard, mounted on empty spools, n which reclined with what grace it night a doll formed from a stick of kindling wood wrapped in a bit of cal-

"Hullon! you little wretch-where'd you spring from?" asked Mr. Billy.

"Over there," responded the atom, aodding vaguely in the direction of a line of hovels, haif a mile away. play here 'cos we ain't got no yard and it's hot in the road. That's my house you's setting on now."
"Oh! it is, is it?" responded Mr.

Billy, gravely. "Well, now, see here. I'm not going to have you coming here, where cars are backing in all the time You'll be killed if you do. Not that you wouldn't be better off in Heaven; but I don't care to have your death on my soul and mind. Now, here's a small fraction of United States curren-Take it and trot along home, and remember that if you spend it judiclously you may some day be as rich as Rockefeller. Don't lose sight of the fact that I'm vested in the panoply of power here. So git!"

The child held out her hand for the penny, and eyed Mr. Billy wistfully. "I



"Who's you ta'kin' to, mister?" don't wanter go home," she said; "she

whips me." "Does, hey?" said the big man, with amiable sternness. "Well, perhaps you need it. Tell you what I'll do, though. If you'll promise solemnly, honest lajun, to stay away from the tracks, you may bring your doll duds over here. Promise!

The child nodded.

"All right; fire away, then. If your face were cleaner. I would give you a chaste kiss on the cheek just for luck; but, under the circumstances, I think I will forbear.

Then Mr. Billy went whistling away to his work, and the atom made a palace of the lumber pile and seated



"Where is the big man?"

Rosabella in state in the drawingroom, while she prepared an imaginary dinner in an imaginary kitchen under some projecting boards. The next day when the youngster appeared Mr. Billy greeted her cheerfully with: Well, you little wretch, how are

I'se well," responded the infant. And, as he drew nearer, the foreman discovered, from the smeary condition of her countenance, that some effort

had been made to render it clean. Been washing your face, I see," he commented.

"Is yer goin' to kiss me now?" the child demanded.

"Think I shall. Here's a corner that's comparatively spotless, and upon it I press my lips thus-partly as a reward of merit for your praiseworthy efforts and partly because you have the biggest violet eyes in twenty states."

The atom smiled graciously at the compliment, and as often as she saw Billy in the days that followed she'd wave a stately hand at him, and he would respond with a "How's my little wretch?" in a big voice that rang through the yards.

One day Mr. Billy was at home with an attack of what he called, for want of a better name, "the duradest fever a fellow ever had," when his small protege came to harm. She had a skipping rope in her hand and was wandering near the forbidden tracks when a freight car of lumber backed into the yard. The end of the rope was caught by the wheels, and as the little one tugged to repossess herself of it her foot slipped under the car and was cruelly mangled. She whimpered for a moment, but the little wretch had been brought up in a stern school, where sympathy was unknown, and directly alie lay quiet until one of the men passed near where she was. Then she lifted her voice in a piteous ery. "Here's the little wretch," she spid "T'se awfully hurted. Please come and

get me. They carried her to the hospital and member and made the patient as com- died at Santa Rosa, Cal.

fortable as possible she began to get feverish.

"Where is the big man?" she asked, plaintively. "Why doesn't he come to

see his little wretch?" "I'm here, Martha," said her mother, surly face for once softening.

Won't I do?" "No," said the atom, her head tosaing on the pillow. "I want my big man! He loves me. He bissed me once, and he gave me this yesterday. I'm his little wretch. Oh! why doesn't he come to me?"

"This" was a penny, the last of a series of such gifts, which had been tightly clasped in the small hand every minute, except when the surgeons were operating.

'Who is this man?" asked the sweetfaced nurse. "If we could find him, her last moments would be easier. Nothing can save her life, but she would be happy if he were by when she passes out."

"I don't know no man!" sald the woman, roughly. "She's out of her

"Johnny knows my man," went on the little voice; "he'll go for him. Tell him his little wretch is hurted, and he'll come."

But before Johnny could be found the shadows had lengthened in the ward, and the murmur had grown so weak that the "Oh! why doesn't the big man come to see his little wretch?" could hardly be distinguished. Then, as the sun went down, all was quiet again in the dormitory, and the nurse drew the sheet up over the still, white, beautiful face of the atom.

When Mr. Billy heard about it the next day his face paled, and his language was something fearful. "I'd have given my life and all the money I pos-sess to have been with the kid!" ha said, brokenly. And then he went over to the hovel and laid a rosebud in the hand that still held the penny.

Cultivation of Coco.

The cultivation of coco, says a writer in the Scientific American, is at present an inviting agricultural pursuit in Trinidad and parts of Venezu-The coco tree cannot withstand strong sunshine, and the young plants have to be shaded by banana or plaintain trees, and later, when they attain their growth, by tall trees known as "immortels," or the "mother of the coco." These make a kind of canopy over the entire plantation. The fruit of the coco tree is a pod, resembling a cucumber and growing on the trunk, or large branches, where it "looks as though it were artificially attached." The seeds are like large, thick Lima beans embedded in pulp. These form the coco beans of commerce. The processes of curing and drying require much attention.

A Community of Rents.

Some people live in New York, others exist. It is written that a majority of our citizens never owned at home. They live in rented flats or houses all their lives, and do not know the meaning of possession. Many millionaires dwell in hired residences. Their homes are in other states, but they must be in Fifth avenue during the social season, and they must keep house. Philadelphia has been spoken of as a "community of homes." York is a community of rents. More than half of our people don't know what it is to pay taxes. Their obligations of citizenship are settled by the landlord, who takes everything out in the rent. We are becoming a characterless mob.-New York Press.

Friend in Need.

"Say, pa, what does animadversion menn? "Animadversion? Just wait a minute, my boy, and I'll look it up." 'You needn't mind, pa. I only wanted to see if you could say it. That's one of the words I heard ma tell Aun. Mary she was goin' to spring on you when you came home from the club Here's the other two-'paraphernalia and 'idlosyncrusy.' Better practice 'em up, dad, while you've got time."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Had Osculated.

"Did you ever kiss a man?" askes Chicago girl. The Boston gir the blushed. "Really, that is so vulgar you know." she said. "Maybe it is but did you?" persisted the Chicago girl. "I should ha'e to think it was a kins," replied the Boston girl, "but since I have become engaged I have tried osculation."-Chicago Post.

Importations.

"You get all that is best in your system of government from England. you know," said the placid Londoner. And in a tone of slight irritation the New York man rejoined, "How about Richard Croker?"-Washington Star.

Largest of Books. .

"Some day," muttered the foolkiller, "when I have more leisure than I have nowadays, I shall publish a book entitled 'Fools I have Met."

A Veteran of Bainklava.

William Humphrey, 77, a veteran o. summoned her mother, and after the the Crimean war and one of the "Noble surgeons had removed the crushed six hundred" of Balaklava, has just

